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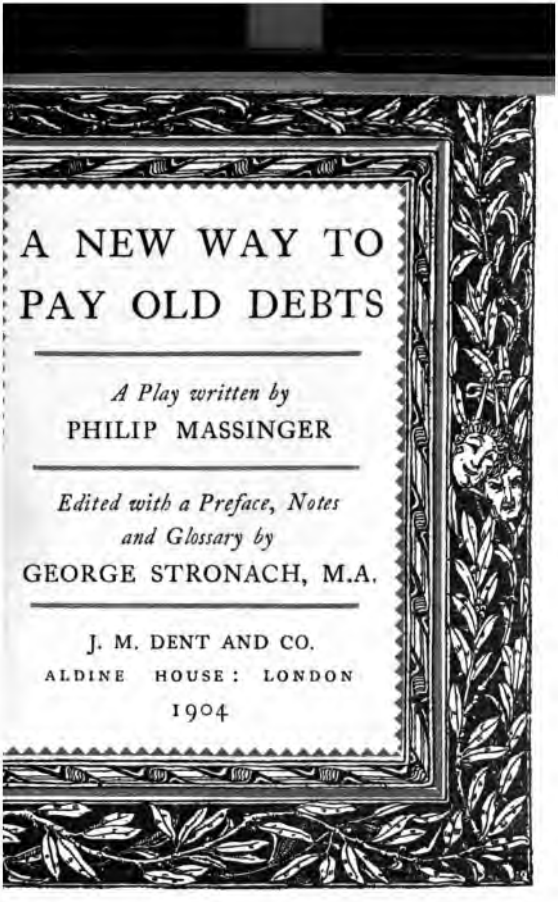
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[redacted]


Philip. Massinger.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

A Play written by

PHILIP MASSINGER

Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary by

GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

J. M. DENT AND CO.
ALDINE HOUSE : LONDON
1904





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PREFACE

Characteristics. Comparatively little is known of the lives of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists—even the life of the greatest, Shakespeare, is wrapped in a shroud of mystery and 'possibility.' So with the life of Philip Massinger, the author of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, one of the few early plays, apart from the Shakespearean dramas, that have held the stage since its earliest production, assigned to a year previous to 1633, when in quarto form it first reached the hands of the public.

No apology is needed for the inclusion of Massinger's famous work in *The Temple* Series of distinguished dramatists. It is a great play in every sense of the word—a play of which even Shakespeare would not have been ashamed, and certainly far superior to the quality of 'the seven contemptible dramas,' as Mr. Sidney Lee styles them, 'in which Shakespeare had no hand that were published with his name or initials on the title-page while his fame was at its height.'

According to Henry Hallam, the historian, Massinger, as a tragic writer, is second only to Shakespeare, and in the higher comedy scarcely inferior to Jonson, and is a dramatist who, in conception of character, excels both Jonson and Fletcher—deservedly worthy praise and thoroughly just, as Hallam made few mistakes in his literary judgments of literary predecessors or contemporaries. 'Every modern critic,' says Hallam, 'has been struck by the peculiar beauty of his language. In his

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harmonious swell of numbers, in his pure and genuine i
which a text by good fortune and the diligence of its
editor, far less corrupt than that of Fletcher, enables
enjoy, we find an unceasing charm. The poetical tale
Massinger were very considerable, his taste superior to th
his contemporaries; the colouring of his imagery is rarely
charged; a certain redundancy, as some may account it,
fulness, or what the painters would call *impasto*, to his
and if it might not always conduce to effect on the stage,
the whole suitable to the character of his composition.'

This is critical praise indeed. But Sir Walter Scott ad
no less doubtful language as to the dramatic merits of Massi
works :—

'Although Massinger's plays are altogether irregular, y
well understood the advantage of a strong and defined inte
and in unravelling the intricacy of his intrigues, he ofter
plays the management of a master. Art, therefore, not pe
in its technical but its most valuable sense, was Massinge
well as Jonson's, and in point of composition, many passa
his plays are not unworthy of Shakespeare. Were we t
tinguish Massinger's peculiar excellence, we should name
first of dramatic attributes, a full conception of charact
strength in bringing it out, and consistency in adhering to it.
does not indeed always introduce his personages to the aud
in their own proper character; it dawns forth gradually i
progress of the piece, as in the hypocritical Luke or the H
Marullo. But upon looking back we are always surprise
delighted to trace from the very beginning intimations of
the personage is to prove as the play advances.'

Life. Who was this dramatist whom Hallam and

delighted to honour by no faint praise, as one of our chief English dramatists? The facts of his life are meagre, but what we have of them is of great literary interest.

Like Ben Jonson, a bricklayer, who afterwards had the degree of M.A. conferred on him by Oxford and Cambridge, **Philip Massinger** was of humble birth—son of a simple retainer of the Earl of Pembroke. He was born in a castle, certainly, but a 'retainer' is not a Rothschild. The Pembroke family admired and respected their 'retainer,' who had served them for many years faithfully and well, and they sent their retainer's boy 'after some time had passed over,' to St. Alban's Hall, at Oxford. Young Massinger went up to Oxford, as many others have done before and since, full of enthusiasm, and when he reached his destination, as Anthony à Wood tells us, instead of settling down to his proper studies at the University, spent his time in reading 'poetry and romances' rather than 'logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronised to the end.' We know what his patron, the Earl, desired when he sent young Philip to College; but 'logic and philosophy' were not in his protégé's mind—he studied in another way, and as the result, instead of a treatise on logic or philosophy, we have got *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—a sufficient contradiction to the accusation of wasted time. If the Earl of Pembroke lost a chaplain, the world has gained what is worth a thousand homilies.

Massinger left college without a degree—like Bacon he despised it—and at the same time lost his patron's favour. But with the *Poeta nascitur non fit* idea in his mind, he made tracks

for London, and on his arrival started his dramatic career by botching up old plays, till sixteen years afterwards he startled the metropolis with his first unaided effort, *The Virgin Martyr*. He had assisted Fletcher in many of his plays; and till the end of a busy life he was employed in dramatic work, including *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Fair Penitent*, *A Fatal Dowry*, and *The City Madam*, all of them classic dramas. Very laborious work it was—the last of his long series of dramas appearing only six weeks before his death, which took place on March 17, 1640, at the Bankside, where the Globe Theatre was situated, the scene of all Shakespeare's successes. As 'a stranger' he was buried in St. Saviour's Churchyard, but as a dramatist he will live to the end of time, a rival of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and a worthy rival, too, if he had written nothing else than *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. This play as Dr. Ireland says, possesses many qualifications for the stage. During its progress many dramatic incidents occur. No play of Massinger is marked with more variety or seriousness of moral. The character of Overreach is drawn with great force, and is one which has been played by all the leading actors on the English stage. He is divided, as Dr. Ireland shows, between avarice and vanity. Avarice, which grows from his nature as its proper fruit, and vanity, which is grafted upon the success of his avarice. Here we come upon strong marks of a basely aspiring disposition. His harshness is agreeably relieved by the mild dignity of Lovell and Lady Allworth, and a similar effect is produced by the attractive innocence and simplicity of Margaret and her lover. But suddenly and whimsically, not for the only time with Massinger, this simplicity is lost by the lovers, and they become crafty beyond their years, their nature, and their know-

ledge of the world—a stroke of genius not unknown to our greatest dramatist. There can be no doubt that Overreach is a real character—drawn from life, and the object of direct and urgent satire, rather than the sportiveness and versatility of comic wit.

Sources of the Play. According to Gifford, Sir Giles Mompesson was the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach. He and one Michael had obtained from James I. a patent for the sole manufacture of gold and silver thread, which they grossly abused. 'They found out,' says Wilson, 'a new alchemistical way to make gold and silver lace with copper and other sophistical materials, to couzen and deceive the people. And so poysonous were the drugs that made up this deceitful composition, that they rotted the hands and arms, and brought lameness upon those that wrought it; some losing their eyes, and many their lives, by the venom of the vapours that came from it.' The clamours were so great that the King was obliged to call in the patent and prosecute the offenders.

Mompesson's partner in iniquity was Michael, a poor sneaking justice, whom Massinger depicts as Greedy, while his clerk is delineated by the dramatist as the 'term-driving' Marrall, their connection accounting for his knowledge of the '*minerals*, incorporated in the ink and wax' of Wellborn's bond, the inscription on which so marvellously disappears (Act v. Scene i.).

A New Way to Pay Old Debts is one of the most powerful in the history of the English drama, and of itself sufficient to make the reputation of any playwright in any language.

Preface.

Editions of the Play. Subsequent to the first edition in quarto of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, published in 1633, the best editions of Massinger's plays are :—

(1) *Dramatic Works*, revised by T. Coxeter, with notes, critical and explanatory. 4 vols. 1761.

(2) *Dramatick Works*. Revised and corrected, with notes critical and explanatory, by J. M. Mason. 4 vols. 1779.

(3) *Plays of Massinger*, with notes critical and explanatory, by W. Gifford. 4 vols. 1805.

(4) *Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford*. With an introduction by Hartley Coleridge. 1840.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT, EARL OF CARNARVON

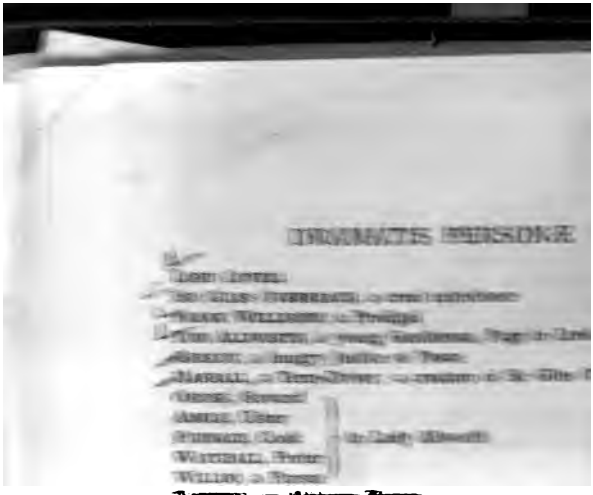
Master Falconer of England.

MY GOOD LORD,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

[illegible]

[illegible]

LADY ALLWORTH, a rich Widow

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

SCENE.—The Country near Nottingham

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

ACT I

SCENE I

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Wellborn in tattered apparel, Tapwell and Froth.

Well. No bouse? nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache!
The devil turned precisian! Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance

I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead fa

fy quondam master, was a man of worship,
)ld Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and *quorum*,
ınd stood fair to be *custos rotulorum;*
lore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
:elieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
ınd the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
.ate Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——
Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Very hardly;
'ou cannot out of your way.
But to my story:
'ou were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
ınd I your under-butler; note the change now;
'ou had a merry time of 't; hawks and hounds,
Vith choice of running horses; mistresses
)f all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
ıs their embraces made your lordship melt;
Vhich your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)
)n foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
'or a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
ınd you have studied it.
I have not done yet:
'our land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
'ou grew a common borrower; no man 'scaped
'our paper-pellets, from the gentleman

To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment——
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
I may rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter.
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. [*to his wife.*] Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar,
Nor leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*

Tap. Oh!

Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter Allworth.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.

All. Hold—for my sake, hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed

.he least taint of infamy; her life,
.he splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
vy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
he no suitors?
ı the best of the shire, Frank,
ɔrd excepted; such as sue and send,
send and sue again, but to no purpose:
· frequent visits have not gained her presence.
far from su ness and pride,
from her

bore to him, in right descends to thee ;
hou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
or will I have the least affront stick on thee.
I with any danger can prevent it.
thank your noble care ; but, pray you, in what
o I run the hazard?
Art thou not in love?
ut it not off with wonder.
In love, at my years!
You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
have heard all, and the choice that you have made,
nd, with my finger, can point out the north star
y which the loadstone of your folly's guided ;
nd, to confirm this true, what think you of
air Margaret, the only child and heir
f Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,
o hear her only named? blush at your want
f wit and reason.
ou are too bitter, sir.
Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
/ith balms, but corrosives. I must be plain :
rt thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge
nd yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
nd dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
will be concluded for impossible
hat there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
handsome page or player's boy of fourteen

But either loves a wench or drabs love him
Court-waiters not exempted.

All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the sprin
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goodness of my soul, the daug
And the base churl her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruined thy state?

All. And yours too.

Well. I confess it;
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freel
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make he
In swelling titles, without touch of conscier
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hop
too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give
And think of some course suitable to thy fa
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advised me.
But in the mean time you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own :
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material :
You know my fortune and my means ; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
Well. How's this ?
All. Nay, be not angry ; there's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee ?
From a boy ? a stipendiary ! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother
And the uncertain favour of a lord !
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me—
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer :
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it ; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour ! [*Exeunt.*

Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same; meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpet's ravenous appetites. [*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*
Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter Watchall and Allworth.

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.
Furn. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

rn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.
d. With whom?
rn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
'atch. Heaven forbid, man!
d. What cause has she given thee?
rn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.
mb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
rn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
rd. But what's this to your pet against my lady?
rn. What's this? marry this; when I am three parts roasted
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
rd. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Farm. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Farm. The same, the same; meat's cast away upon him
It never thrives; he builds this paradise,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpet's ravenous appetites. [*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*E.*
Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter Watchall and Allworth.

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Farm. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.
Farm. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
Furn. You air and air ;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I ?
L. All. Prithee, be not angry ;
I shall ere long ; i' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.
Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.
L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore ; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
Ord. I shall, madam.
L. All. Do, and leave them.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.*
All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
L. All. So soon turned courtier !
All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.
L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome ;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?
All. Ever like himself,
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour.

presumption,

l his purpose

100

nt his service.
; course? you are yet
: of any
ble.
eave you free

ıake my choice,
ıuld follow

110

labour th ... the best moth
bounties sh ... strengths of care
... much hope it. never may repent
These were your father's words: "If e'er ered upon me.
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed: but for such
As repair thither as a place in which
They do presume they may with license prac
heir lusts and riots, they shall never merit
he noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly,
a fair cause, and for their country's safety,
run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
ear with patience the winter's cold
summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
e essential parts make up a soldier,
earing, dice, or drinking."
no syllable
k, but is to me an oracle,
it to doubt were impious.
nclude:
company, for often men
those with whom they do converse;

And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellb
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity
But that he's in his manners so debauched,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving ; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have go
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exe*

SCENE III

A Hall in the same.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furna Watchall, and Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen !

Over. Still cloistered up ! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,

h we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
ıot dispute: howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
i you please to stay, that you may think so,
: came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
h Canary, which shall spend itself
ıy lady's honour.
; it of the right race?
Master Greedy.
w his mouth runs o'er!
make it run, and run. Save your good wor-
hip!
[onest Master Cook, thy hand; again: how I
ove thee.
ıe good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
/ou have a mind to feed, there is a chine
ef, well seasoned.
ood!
heasant, larded.
hat I might now give thanks for't!
her kickshaws.
es, there came last night, from the forest of
herwood,
attest stag I ever cooked.
. stag, man!
tag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
aked in puff-paste.
uff-paste too! Sir Giles,
ıderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!

And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-past
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such
dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Over. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, Master Cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter Wellborn.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here
Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*
Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must needs press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Well. This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?
Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to feel faint already.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*

Watch. Will you know your way;
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks or flagons; you, that were bor
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?
Ord. My lady!

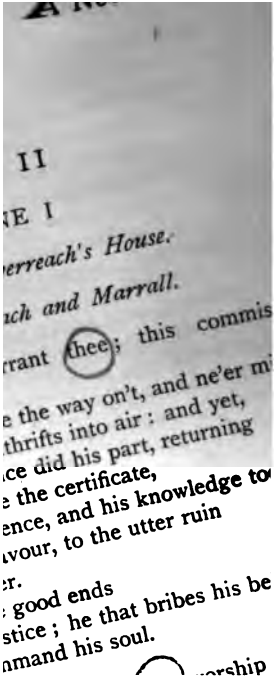
Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.
Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
L. All. To me!
Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage

s may become the true friend of your husband,
nd then I shall forget these.
'. I am amazed
o see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
hough sworn, that it can ever find belief,
hat I, who to the best men of this country
enied my presence since my husband's death,
an fall so low as to change words with thee
hou son of infamy! forbear my house,
nd know and keep the distance that's between us;
r, though it be against my gentler temper,
shall take order you no more shall be
n eyesore to me.
Scorn me not, good lady;
ut, as in form you are angelical,
nitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
t the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
he blood that runs in this arm is as noble
s that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
nd those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
nd women's flattery, are in you no virtues,
or these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
ou have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
et, lady, I must say, in nothing more
han in the pious sorrow you have shewn
or your late noble husband.
How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.
L. All. Have you aught else to say?
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortu
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the swo
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.
Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?
Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your frien
Though he brought no wealth with him, l
for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a m
Made up of all parts, either great or noble
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.
L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his fr
Do not contemn me.
L. All. For what's past excuse me,

'. No, madam, on no terms :
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*
Il. Fie ! nothing else ?
'. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.
Il. What you demand is yours.
I thank you lady.
low what can be wrought out of such a suit
; yet in supposition : [*Aside.*]—I have said all ;
hen you please, you may retire. [*Exit Lady All.*
ay, all's forgotten ; [*To the Servants.*
d, for a lucky omen to my project,
ake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
greed, agreed.
till merry Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*



II

IE. I

erreach's House.

ach and Marrall.

rrant thee; this commis

e the way on't, and ne'er mi
thrifts into air: and yet,
ice did his part, returning

e the certificate,
ence, and his knowledge to
avour, to the utter ruin

r.
good ends
stice; he that bribes his be
mand his soul.

arship

In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness or error
Run myself finely into a *præmunire*,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

ar. You are all wisdom.

ver. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well governed life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

ar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

ver. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

ar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

ver. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night

Set fire on his barns, or break his cattl
These trespasses draw on suits, and su
Which I can spare, but will soon begg
When I have harried him thus two or
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in s
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow be

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could ado

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of
I will pretend some title: want will fo
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he s
For half the value, he shall have ready
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to
With my close cheat put upon him. W
Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last n
His host, the tapster, to turn him out
And have been since with all you
tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, cha
Though a crust of mouldy bread w
from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair;
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,

To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly,

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

Well. By this light I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Well. You have ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you.
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——

Vell. By what?
r. By my religion.
Vell. Thy religion!
The devil's creed:—but what would you have done?
'ar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
'ell. I thank you.
ar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
'ell. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
'ar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.
'ell. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rheto the fiend hath taught you.

I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders or abram-men that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,

To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket.
If ever thou presume to cross her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

'ell. Come along then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

nter Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.

'oman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

iam. Or half an hour?

ll. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.

'oman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.

iam. And this marmalade;
Tis comfortable for your stomach.

'oman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same s
sir. [*Allworth kisses them severa*

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardl
chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service
To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you.
And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chamberm*

Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boiled
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots and marrow,
Coral and ambergris: were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journe
long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-mor
morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet find comf
My attendance on my honourable lord,

hose resolution holds to visit my lady,
ill speedily bring me back.
[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*
within.] Dar'st thou venture further?
[*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.
Tis he ; disperse !
Perform it bravely.
I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*

r Watchall, ceremoniously introducing Wellborn and Marrall.

. Beast that I was, to make you stay ! most welcome ;
u were long since expected.
Say so much
my friend, I pray you.
For your sake, I will, sir.
or his sake !
Mum ; this is nothing.
More than ever
would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
hen I have given you reasons for my late harsh-ness,
u'll pardon and excuse me ; for, believe me
ough now I part abruptly, in my service
ill deserve it.

Mar. Service ! with a vengeance !
Well. I am satisfied : farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you ! [*Exit.*

Re-enter Amble.

Amb. You are happily encountered ; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision,
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghil
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel ; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-whips !"

Re-enter Furnace.

Furn. I am glad you are come ; until I know yo
pleasure
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure ! is it possible ?
Well. What's thy will ?
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turk
chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me a
you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. The devil's entered this cook : sauce for his palat

That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays. [*Aside.*

Well. That way I like them best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

Well. What think you of "the hedge we shall dine under?"
Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter Order.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in peas-straw.

Re-enter Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wished for.

Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approached here.

Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted ; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady !

Enter Lady Allworth.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw yo
This first kiss is for form ; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellbor*
Mar. To such a friend ! Heaven bless me !
Well. I am wholly yours ; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute——
Mar. Salute me at his bidding ! I
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
L. All. Sir, you may command me.
[*Advances to kiss Marrall, who retire*
Well. Run backward from a lady ! and such a lady !
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her to*
L. All. Nay, pray you rise ;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you ;
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table ! I am not good enough I
To sit at your steward's board.
L. All. You are too modest :
I will not be denied.

Re-enter Furnace.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
The roast meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;
My wife ne'er thought on!

L. All. Your arm, Master Wellborn:——
Nay, keep us company. [*To Marrall.*

Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

Ord. So! we have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!

Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,

And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter Amble laughing.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Ord. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——

Furn. What of him, man?

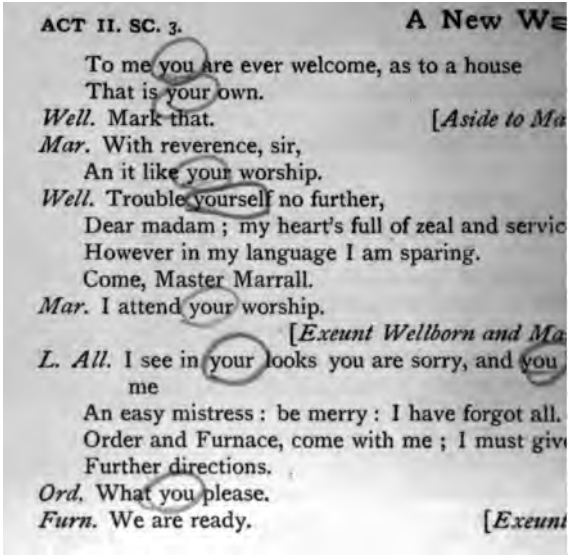
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn ;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth !
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already !
Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter Lady Allworth, Wellborn, and Marrall.

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well ! [*To Amble.*
Let me have no more of this ; I observed your jeering :
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes ; in a word,



SCENE III

The Country near Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Wellborn, and Marrall bare-headed.

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good ! sir ; the best way,
The certain best way,

Vell. There are casualties
That men are subject to.
Var. You are above them ;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.
Vell. Prithee do not flout me : 10
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?
Var. Ease ! an it like your worship !
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Vell. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.* 20
Var. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel,
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Vell. No ; speak freely.
Var. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady 30
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,

To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savoured not of amber.
Well. I do now then !
Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.——
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.
Well. But where's the horse ?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas ? when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it ;
What's twenty pounds ?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady ?
Mar. As I know not that !

Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I will not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman but is sometimes froward,)
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre.
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter Overreach, speaking to a Servant within.

Sirrah, take my horse.
'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
nd exercise will keep me from being pursy.
a! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps

The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't : no matter,
So it be done. Marrall !

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn ?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hanged or drowned himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives ;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits ?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.

Over. With him ? what lady ?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt ! how dar'st thou speak this ?

Mar. I speak truth.
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir : we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship !

Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here ; and saw when she kis
him,
And would, at his request, have kissed me too :

But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.
ver. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!—
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-born,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
'ar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
ver. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.
'ar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Well-born—

I would give a crown now I durst say his w
[
My nag and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out o
Mar. He's gone.
Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-r
Be careful nought be wanting to receive h
And bid my daughter's women trim her u
Though they paint her, so she catch th
thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time——
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir.

ACT III

SCENE I

The Country near Overreach's House.

nter Lord Lovell, Allworth, and Servants.

'alk the horses down the hill: something in private
ıust impart to Allworth.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

my lord,
ıat a sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
hough I could put off the use of sleep,
d ever wait on your commands to serve them;
ıat dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
y death itself, though I should run to meet it,
n I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!
t still the retribution will fall short
your bounties showered upon me.
ving youth,
l what I purpose be put into act,
not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
th your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,

Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
However you guard your modesty with a blush f
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones.
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are taxed with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves
I am not so conditioned: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to serve m

All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it:
And, to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted—

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour
Than to my Allworth!

ll. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations.
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise;
Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

ov. So young, and jealous!

ll. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

ov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.

ll. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obeyed.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,

ne cannon of her more than earthly form,
though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards you
sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if he
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubt
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and
Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia
Well armed, and strongly lined with her
And knowing manners, to give entertain
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach,
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so
To make her more remarkable,

A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?

All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with
weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. "Store indeed's no sore," sir.
Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.
Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughte
[*Exit Marr*
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes
And plenty of them——
Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.
Over. I do confer that providence, with my power

Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
reedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;
For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's
pure justice. [*Exit.*
ver. It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter Margaret.

Alone—and let your women wait without.
arg. Your pleasure, sir?
ver. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion ;
Not as a servant.
Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten ?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her ! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops,) to se
thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged h
Into the counter, and there let them howl togethe
Marg. You know your own ways : but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Over. In birth ! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee ;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care : do not prov
me.

Marg. I will not, sir ; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter Greedy.

Over. How ! interrupted !

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience : there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it ;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly, 80
To stuff it out ! cook it any way ; prithee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling ?

Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt ; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling ; I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit.*

Over. But to our business, Meg ; you have heard who dines here ?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man ; 90
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one : and to be

A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter Greedy.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed.
Over. 'Slight art thou frantic?
Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——
Over. Make thyself
Thirteen the baker's dozen.
Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dressed to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
Over. [*loudly.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit.*

ver. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
'arg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
ver. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
'arg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
ver. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private;
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
'arg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
ver. Learn any thing,

And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. This is but devilish doctrine! [*Aside.*
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir; for Heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of Heaven, or fear of hell, excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others; so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up or withered? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encountered with

Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Re-enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit Margaret.*
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit Marrall.*] Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth and Marrall.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. Strange, so humble. [*Aside.*
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents Greedy to him.*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [*Aside.*
Over. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir.
[*Exeunt all but Overreach.*
Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

Re-enter Margaret.

How! tears in your eye
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more:
But be instructed, or expect——he comes.

-enter Lord Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, and Marrall.

A black-browed girl, my lord,
[*Lord Lovel kisses Margaret.*
l. As I live, a rare one.
. He's ta'en already: I am lost. [*Aside.*
r. That kiss
Came twangling off, I like it; quit the room.
[*Exeunt all but Overreach, Lovell, and Margaret.*
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
l. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——
r. I am past learning.
And therefore leave you to yourselves——remember.
[*Aside to Margaret and exit.*
l. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
rg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
l. But o'er your duty.
rg. Which forced too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest :
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours :
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old ?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow ;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich ;
And tissues matched with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter Overreach behind, listening.

Over. Close at it ! whispering ! this is excellent !
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter Greedy behind.

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles !
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper !
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roasts turned powder.
Over. I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not ;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles !
[*Strikes him.*
Greedy. How ! strike a justice of peace ! 'tis petty treason,
Edwardi quinto : but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day : disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse !
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching !
Lov. Hah ! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain ; vanish ! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up ? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it ;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good ; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me to delude
Your subtle father
Marg. I am prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles !
Where is Sir Giles ? [*Overreach comes forward.*

Re-enter Allworth, Marrall, an

Over. My noble lord ; and how
Does your lordship find her ?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming ;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the firs
'Twere poor in the defendant ; I m
With a love-letter or two, which I
Delivered by my page, and you giv
Over. With all my soul :—a towardly g
Your hand, good Master Allworth ;
Is ever open to you.
All. 'Twas shut till now.
Over. Well done, well done, my honour
Thou'rt so already : know this gent
And cherish him, my honourable d
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
[*Noise wit*
Over. A coach !
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner ! O my gu

Enter Lady Allworth and W

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it ; if not, I'll back ag
Now I know your ends ; for I com
Can be objected.

w. How! the Lady Allworth!
ver. And thus attended!
[*Lovell kisses Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth kisses Margaret.*
ar. No, "I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies hath entered me!"
ver. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
w. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
. *All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrowed so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you.
ov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
. *All.* Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Kisses him.*
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse.
[*Presents Wellborn.*
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[*Lovell confers aside with Wellborn.*
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself;" no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Sir. I would hear, and help them.
Ver. Your dinner waits you.
Sir. Pray you lead, we follow.
All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy.*
Greedy. "Dear Master Wellborn!" So she said: Heaven! Heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter Marrall.

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must; my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commi
sion
Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dum
ling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeun*

SCENE III

Another room in Overreach's House.

Enter Overreach, as from dinner.

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks,
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. And why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who? "the rogue
The lady scorned to look on?"
Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady Allworth and Wellborn.

r. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.
All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.
ver. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.*
Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamoured of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter Lord Lovell, Margaret, and the rest.

Excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles,
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me h

Re-enter Wellborn and Lady Allworth.

Marg. My lady is returned.
L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
L. All. I must do you a further wrong
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.
L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
L. All. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. This parting kiss: [*Kisses Margaret*] you shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marrall.*
Over. Daughter, to your chamber.— [*Exit Margaret.*
—You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hopes sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady—
(And I am glad of 't) is enamoured of you:
'Tis too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape: nor shall she say
She married you like a beggar, or in debt

Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
[*Aside.*

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supped

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew.
To-morrow I will visit you.

Vell. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes ! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted !

ver. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love ; what men report I weigh not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell and Allworth.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now disch
From further service: mind your own affair
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but p
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want lang
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.

Over. A good day to my lord!

Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady's All-worth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Over. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew

See all his debts discharged, and help his worsh
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too.
Tossed like a dog still! [*Aside, and ex*

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already :—
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; twill carry y
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and th
plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get yo
breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you
And eat to purpose.

Over. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchest
oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman
Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.

w. Haste your return.
ll. I will not fail, my lord.
reedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*
ver. To my wish : we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial :
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
w. You are a right kind father.
ver. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat ?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress ?
What thinks my noble lord ?
w. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile ; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
ver. She the mistress !
It may be so for a time : but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once
born's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour
All my ambition is to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own : for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Ww. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices ?

Ver. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course : with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness ; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use ;

Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows
And undone orphans wash with tears my thi
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charr
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take
In spending what my industry hath compa
My haste commands me hence; in one wor
fore,
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mank
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advan
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my
You may make choice of what belief you
To me they are equal; so, my lord, go

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirmed in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman, and Amble.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health' sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command

Your wiser counsel.

L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.

W. Wom. And well know our distance.

L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your bree
[*Exeunt Amble and W*
Now, my good lord; if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?

All. This, my lord ;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other
And cannot bide the trial ; so all wealth,
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish poured into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of ; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father ;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues :
You may conceive the rest.
Ov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife :
And there, well to discharge it, doth require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up

By birth or wealth, can [illegible]
And wealth, where there such difference in
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.

L. All. Pray you do, my lord.

Lov. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled,
daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

L. All. I am glad to hear this.——
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore ha
That, since your husband's death, have liv
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden g
self
To visits and entertainments? think you,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the
Which you too prodigally have thrown o
Being too reserved before, incur not cen

All. I am innocent here ; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
ov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret ; but leave both to the event :
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offered means unto ourselves,
To search each other further, you having shewn
Your care of me, I my respect to you,
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before Tapwell's House.

Enter Tapwell and Froth.

p. Undone, undone ! this was your counsel, Froth.
roth. Mine ! I defy thee : did not Master Marrall
(He has marred all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors ?
ap. 'Tis true ;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything ;
Woe, woe to us !

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our hou
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdr
When he was rogue Wellborn no man woul
him,
And then his information could not hurt us ;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methi
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted ou
With dirt and rotten eggs ; and my hand hi
If I scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days wonder : as for cre
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the
He owes us, and his custom ; there's
on't.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the
And they swarm about him like so many so
On the pay day: and has found out suc
WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you
worship

th. Be ready with your petition, an
To his good grace.

Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, foll
Greedy, Order, Furnace, and C
kneeling, delivers his petition.

Well. How's this! petitioned too?—
But note what miracles the payme
A little trash, and a rich suit of clo
Can work upon these rascals! I
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know what I hope

Well. Then look thou for advancemen

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch.
These needy followers, and for my
Provided you'll defend me from Si
Whose service I am weary of, I'll
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not Sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember t
Last new-year's tide, a couple of f

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Greedy. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset: have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:
—Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

reedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license, 90
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
roth. No mercy?
reedy. Vanish!
If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me!
ap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*
'ell. Speak; what are you?
t Cred. A decayed vintner, sir, 100
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.
'ell. I remember.

1st Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er la
you;
And therefore, sir——
Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.—
What are you?
2nd Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botch
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing
I was removed from the shopboard, and
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2nd Cred. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy
[*To 3*
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no
Those days are done. I will pay you in
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good la
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharged;
And since old debts are cleared by a new
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for
breakfasts;

And this, for your respect : [*To Order*] take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
L. You are too munificent.
Turn. He was ever so.
Yell. Pray you on before.
Old Cred. Heaven bless you !
Far. At four o'clock ; the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*
Yell. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart ?
Far. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word ; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land ;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.
Yell. That's forgiven.
Far. I shall deserve it : then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies ; I'll instruct you further,

As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in Overreach's House.

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest:
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world,—hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,

And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you ;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting ?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines ? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election ?

All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse——

Marg. To me they are nothing ;
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours ;
I then shall rest in peace : or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments
In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty joined with banishment ; so you share

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter Overreach behind.

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allw
[*Seeing her f*
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his hono
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and, without my knowled
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.
All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please : for me
I must take a safe and secure course ; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favou
I can grant nothing.
Over. I like this obedience : [*Comes forwa*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord ; he has a jewel of you. 8
How ! frowning, Meg ? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord ? what's this ? give me it
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] "Fair mistress, from your servant learn
all joys
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys ;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due."
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper ? fool ! 90
Will you still be one ? in the name of madness what
Could his good honour write more to content you ?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two,
That are already offered ; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after : what would you more ?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter ;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,

Without all ceremony ; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are afar off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming ;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pom
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and til
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to Lo
Over. He tells you true ; 'tis the fashion, on m
ledge :
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishnes
Must put it off, forsooth ! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
[*Points to h*
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you ? since my lo
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross hi
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a pu

Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense ; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums : in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain ; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo :
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring ?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge ; and then to be refused
Were such a stain upon me !—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse !
I say again, I will not cross my lord ;
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there !

All. I can furnish you.

Over. I thank you. I can write then. [*Writes.*

All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. Well advised.
'Tis done ; away ;—[*Margaret kneels.*] My blessing, girl ? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone :—good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

All. I hope so, sir. [*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*

Over. Farewell !—Now all's cocksure :
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter ? has her honour

A Room in Lady Allworth's House.

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and Amble.

All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good success;
as I understand, his debts are paid,
more furnished for fair employment:

But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young All
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well:
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnan
Than their years can promise; and for their
On my knowledge, they are equal.

L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me le
fear
The building, though well grounded: to decei
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means
And judgment, being a gift derived from Hea
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of
men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fatho
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to expres
Is a good omen.

Lov. May it to myself

Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?
All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,

But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; [*Kisses him*] yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter Wellborn, handsomely apparelled.

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.
Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.
L. All. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions

bout his daughter: this last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.
w. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.
All. I strongly hope.
ver. [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump
of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
'ell. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
w. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter Overreach, with distracted looks, driving in Marrall before him, with a box.

ver. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
ar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
ver. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That hast slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship be on her left hand, and make courtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But in the meantime, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.——Nephew.
Well. Sir.
Over. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him :
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*
L. All. This is excellent !
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely ; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear ? of a stolen marriage,
In which 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened ;
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows ?
Over. Marry, this ; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds : put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol : you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise ? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else ?"
Over. End me no ends ! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have

Three or four thousand
And revel in bawdy taverns.
ell. And beg after ;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment ;
Your great looks fright not me. [*Both dr*
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved!
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard
The right that I bring with me will defend
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church,
By Heaven and Hell, I'll do't!
Mar. Now put him to [*Aside*
The shewing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir ;

For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of it? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that dost confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrending the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

All. Never [illegible]

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee [illegible]
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha! [*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
The cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou were't present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to Marrall.*

Mar. I! no, I assure you.
I have a conscience not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football," or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomise you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and th
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered
And made it good before the judge, what way
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to di
These swords that keep thee from me should
Although they made my body but one wound
But I would reach thee.
Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other!
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, c
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo.

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome !
There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done ?
Is my daughter married ? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married ! yes, I assure you.

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts ! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting ! at least for a month,
I am provided : empty guts, croak no more.
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Over. Instantly be here ? [*Whispering to Willdo.*
To my wish ! to my wish ! Now you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble :—[*Loud music*]—they come !
I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord !

Well. Think sudden heat

May yet be cooled, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter Allworth and Margaret.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,
[*Kneeling*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give th
joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
"Marry her to this gentleman."
Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*
v. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.
Lord! thus I spit at thee,
nd at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
nd as thou art a soldier, if thy valour

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee:
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; but that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward,
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at.

Re-enter Overreach.

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, t
favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment e
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Include in yourself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say t
squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot,
mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to char

No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward and flings himself on the ground.*
Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father! [*They force Overreach off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,

That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: ~~for me, here's the anchor~~
~~That I must fix on.~~

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. ~~'Tis the language~~ —
That I speak ~~too, but~~ there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 't was lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service
To my king and country but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.

Well [*coming forward.*] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—and in that our all

Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, (as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play,)
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. [*Exeunt.*



GLOSSARY

ABRAM-MAN, an impudent impostor, who, under the garb of a lunatic, begged over the country, after the dissolution of the religious houses ; II. i. 158.

ADMIRATION, wonder. This is the archaic use of the word ; II. ii. 152.

AFTER-DRINKINGS, liquor taken after or between meals ; IV. ii. 103.

BANDOG, a dog always kept tied up on account of his fierceness, and with a view to increase that quality in him ; V. i. 297.

BARATHRUM, an abyss, pit, gulf, especially a deep pit at Athens into which criminals condemned to death were thrown. Applied also to an insatiable extortioner or glutton ; III. ii. 260.

BASILISK, a fabled creature of the African desert, whose breath and look were fatal ; V. i. 429.

BATOON, a stout staff or stick used as a weapon. Superseded by the word *baton* ; II. iii. 36.

BATTALIA, a large body of men in battle array, a marshalled force or host, whether constituting the whole of an army or one of its great divisions or battalions ; III. i. 86 ; V. i. 455.

BEARING-DISHES, substantial, sustaining dishes ; portly viands ; V. i. 319.

BEDLAM, a corruption of *Bethlehem*. The Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, used as an asylum for the reception and cure of mentally deranged persons, originally situated in Bishopsgate, in 1676 rebuilt near London Wall, and in 1815 transferred to Lambeth ; V. i. 472.

BILLMEN, men who carried *bills*—pikes or halberds, borne by English foot-soldiers and watchmen ; I. i. 19.

BOTCHER, mender of clothes in a careless fashion ; IV. ii. 111.

BOUSE, the modern spelling is *booze*, used as a slang term. Strong drink ; also a drinking bout, a carouse ; I. i. 1.

BLACK-JACKS, large leather cans coated with pitch, and used for holding small beer ; I. iii. 88.

BRACHE, a hound bitch, a hunting-dog, generally of a small kind. Also applied as a common term of abuse ; I. i. 7.

BUG-WORDS, words meant to frighten or terrify. From *bug*, a hobgoblin or bogy, the original meaning of the word ; III. ii 389.

CANTERS, whining beggars. From 'cant'—or 'chant'—to sing or whine ; I. i. 75.

CHAMBERERS, chambermaids ; II. ii. 16.

CONUNDRUM, a whin, a conceit ; V. i. 421.

CORROSIVES, strong remedies—written also *corsey*, *corsive*, and *corsie* in the old dramatists; I. i. 165.

COY IT, behave with coyness or diffidence; play the prude; III. ii. 128.

CUSTOS ROTULORUM, 'custodian of the rolls,' keeper of the county records; I. i. 43.

DOG-BOLT, a term of reproach, synonymous with 'dog,' 'contemptible fellow,' 'mean wretch.' The origin of the term is unknown; I. i. 86.

EXTENDED, a law term for *seized*, by writ of execution, for forfeiture of a bond; V. i. 218.

FOSSET, or *faucet*, as it is commonly spelt, is a peg or spigot to stop the vent-hole in a cask or in a tap; IV. ii. 63.

GABIONS, wicker baskets filled with earth used to shelter men from fire when digging a trench; V. i. 274.

GUARD, to adorn with *guards*, a word applied by the early dramatists to trimmings, facings, or other ornaments applied upon a dress; III. i. 19.

INDENTED, having counterparts severed by a zig-zag line. Indentures were made in duplicate, and both were written on the same sheet, which was cut in two by a crooked line in order that the fitting of the two parts might prove the genuineness of the document in case of dispute; V. i. 229.

KICKSHAWS, fancy French [illegible] From French *quelque chos[illegible]* 24.

LAVENDER, to lay a thing in lavender. To pawn; V. i. 158.

LINE, to strengthen; III. i. 87.

LOADSTONE (properly lodestone, *i.e.*, 'way stone'), used as synonymous with the magnetic needle of the compass; I. i. 157.

LONDON BLUE, blue was formerly the colour of the distinguishing dress of servants, beadles, and other officials; IV. i. 263.

MAINPRIZE, a writ commanding the sheriff to take bail, where he has refused to do so, or where the offence is not bailable by him or other inferior authority; III. ii. 263.

MANUMISED, same as *manumit*, to liberate from service, to free; I. i. 166.

MANURE (contraction of *manœuvre*), to cultivate by manual labour, the original meaning of the word. The modern meaning is 'to apply manure,' or other fertilising substance; II. iii. 48.

MARRY, a corruption of *Marie*, as an asseveration confirmed by the name of the Virgin Mary; I. ii. 40.

MINCING, showing affected niceness. III. ii. 129.

MINION, one who is beloved. French, *mignon*, darling. The more common meaning is a servile favourite, a low dependent; II. i. 82.

MITTIMUS, a writ of committal by a magistrate. It begins *mittimus ad*, we send to; V. i. 471.

ıe wine formed from
apes ; IV. ii. 102.

JMPLING, a small
ıde with dough and
boiled for twenty
. ii. 77.
elodious, rhythmical,
. i. 77.

ker in the highways,
r. i. 158.
', wanting courage ;

l or tasteless ; I. i. 4.
NADO, a dish made of
bread soaked with
:er, sweetened and
nilk, or flavoured as
or wine ; I. ii. 42.
lpper or patten ; I. i.

thoroughly boiled.
perbullire, to boil
The ordinary mean-
ly boiled,' as if the
ived from 'part' and
i. 41.
parroquet. The word
)m a combination of
parroquet, and the
ito ; IV. iii. 152.
Derived either from
)ured dress he wore,
lsey's domestic fool,
med Patch ; III. ii.
3.
fling, paltry. To
ile is to be concerned
to occupy oneself
:tails ; IV. i. 142.
of which the value
he double sovereign,
'o shillings ; I. i. 208.
)AK, a staff or
called,' says Ray,
use a staff *in cuerpo*,
but not when we wear a cloak ; I. i. 15.

PORT, state, style. Hence, *portly* in sense of stately ; IV. i. 125.

PRECISIAN, a precise person or Puritan, an object of dislike in the days of Massinger ; I. i. 8.

PREMUNIRE, a writ issued for the statutory offence of introducing a foreign power within the realm in diminution of the authority of the crown ; II. i. 20.

PREVENT, to anticipate ; III. ii. 317 ; IV. iii. 136.

PURCHASED, a cant term among thieves for 'stolen.' Their plunder was designated 'purchase' ; IV. i. 230.

QUIT, discharge, acquit ; I. i. 10 ; II. iii. 126.

SKILL, verb, to signify, to matter, used generally with a negative ; I. i. 37.

'SLIGHT, an imprecation. A contraction for 'By His (God's) light.' Similar contractions are 'Sdeath' (V. i. 355), 'Sblood,' 'Swounds ;' III. ii. 99.

SOLID, grave, serious ; IV. i. 138.

TAKE IN, to subdue, to capture ; V. i. 288.

TAMIN, coarse linsey-wolsey stuff, also called *taminy* or *tammy*. A corruption of the French *étamine* ; III. ii. 51.

TERM-DRIVER, one who moves about from court to court during term ; II. ii. 164.

TITS, saucy, forward girls ; II. ii. 17.

TOKEN, a small piece of brass or copper money used by tradesmen for change, the value a farthing ; I. i. 65.

TOWARDLY, docile, tractable ; III. ii. 294.

UNCASE, to strip, to flay ; V. i. 267.



NOTES.

I. i. 15. *Plymouth Cloak.* The explanation of this expression will be found in the Glossary. Coxeter, Massinger's first editor ignorant of the meaning, transformed the words into *pile-worn cloak*—a ridiculous substitution.

I. i. 19. *Rusty Billmen.* The word *rusty* applies to the *bills*, not to the *men* who carried them. Both Coxeter and Mason read *lusty* for *rusty*.

I. i. 154. For *transparent* the older reading was *transient*—an obvious misprint.

I. i. 166. *The Porter's Lodge* in the days of Massinger, when the great claimed, and also exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment.

I. i. 218. *This Canopy.* The additional words 'of heaven' are understood, as '*in the open air*' is what is meant.

I. ii. 21. *I am friends with thee.* 'Friends' here is used for the singular or adverbially for 'friendly.' So with *needs* and *thanks*. (IV. i. 12.)

I. ii. 34. *Breda.* This attack on Breda was one of the most famous sieges of Massinger's time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola invested the town on 26th August, 1624, and took it on 1st July, 1625, after the besieged had endured great hardships. The raising of 'fortifications' in pastry (I. ii. 32) was a fashionable practice of the day, as in accounts of all great entertainments the 'fortifications' of the cook or the confectioner are duly chronicled in the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I.

also alluding to "Pie-corner," at Giltspur Street, which was the place reached by the Great Fire of London.

I. iii. 64. *From the Basket.* From the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed at the porter's lodge (I. i. 66), or reserved to be carried every night to the debtors' prisons.

II. i. 158. *Abram-men*, or *Abraham-men*. According to the *Fraternitye of Vacabondes*, 1575, 'An Abraham-man is he that walketh bare-armed, and bare-legged, and fayneth hymselfe mad, and caryeth a packe of wool, or a stycke with baken on it, or such lyke toy, and nameth himselfe poore Tom.' They are alluded to by Shakespeare under the name of 'Bedlam Beggars' (*Lear*, II. iii. 14), and their still more usual appellation was 'Tom of Bedlam.' According to Grose, the expression 'to sham Abram,' a cant term, is to pretend sickness, which Nares, in his *Glossary*, thinks may have some connection with the other term.

II. i. 163. *The Lady of the Lake.* This refers to the enchantress Vivien, a prominent character, mistress of the seer Merlin, in *Morte d'Arthur*, and in many of our old romances—a veritable Circe of the dark ages.

II. i. 171. *Pass her Porter.* See Notes I. iii. 64 and I. i. 166. The 'porter's lodge' was a favourite reference by Massinger, and, in connection with chastisement, crops up in more than one of his dramas.

II. i. 174. *To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a Blanket.* This refers to an old game played by boys in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when one of them was tossed up in a blanket, a dog occasionally taking the place of the delinquent subjected to the indignity to which Wellborn had afterwards to submit.

II. ii. 167. *Ram Alley.* A street or lane between the Temple and Fleet Street, where there were many restaurants or cook shops.

. 34. *Amber.* Used for *ambergris*, a perfume in c n
ae time, especially for cooking purposes (cf. II. ii. 30).

i. 79. *He Stood the Syrens.* This refers to the Sirens, whose
cements prevailed on Ulysses to stop the ears of his com-
ions on approaching their island and cause himself to be
nd to the mast of the ship so that he might avoid their
action.

I. i. 89–90. *Hippolytus himself would leave Diana To follow such a*
ss. This allusion is to the classical story of Hippolytus, the
of Theseus, who was proof against the inducements of his
-mother, Phædra, when she accused him of tempting her
r the manner of Pharaoh's wife. See the *Phædra* of Euripides.

I. ii. 56. *Into the Counter.* This is a reference to one or
er of the three prisons in London designated as 'the Counter,'
of them in the City and one in Southwark. All of them
frequently referred to in Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatic
rature.

I. iii. 27, 28. *The poet feigned not.* This refers to the story of
iphaë, and the ball related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, xv. 500.

V. i. 49. *Take my Ring.* It was common in Massinger's day
se a subject ring as a sign of authority or as a passport. It
aid that Queen Elizabeth gave such a ring to the Earl of
ex, with an undertaking that she would pardon him any offence
e sent it to her when in danger, and that it was retained by the
ntess of Nottingham.

V. i. 12. *Thanks.* In the singular number, like *needs* and
nds (I. ii. 21).

V. i. 68–69. *Nor I to Line my Christmas Coffer.* The 'Christmas
fer' was a box in which the London apprentices used to collect
ir subscriptions—an earthen piece of ware which could only
oken to get at the contents.

V. i. 180–181. *Than Olympus is When angry Boreas loads h·*